

### TRUE BUSINESS INSTINCT

Topham's was the smartest emporium for miles around. You had to be the last word in "go" before a situation was obtained in that establishment. Keen business men filled every post.

One afternoon when trade was in full swing an unfortunate customer fell down the first floor stairs.

"Help!" he groaned in agony. "I do believe I've broken my leg!"

A shopwalker immediately flew to his side.

"Broken your leg, sir?" he inquired sympathetically. And then, in sharp, clear tones: "Cork legs! Third counter on the right, sir! Forward, Miss Davies!"

Doctor—The room seems cold, Mrs. Hooligan. Have you kept the thermometer at 70, as I told you? Mrs. Hooligan—Sure an' Oi have, doothor. There's th' thing in a toomple of warrum wather at this blissid minnut!

WELL, I DON'T SEE WHY YOU  
WANT TO QUIBBLE ABOUT IT.  
ANY LIMBURGER, CHEESE?

### OF COURSE THE BOY WON

Friday afternoon. Mr. Grigson was busy, and, being particularly anxious to get away early from the office, greatly resented the arrival of visitors.

Still, business is business; and word had come up that there was a gentleman downstairs waiting to see him on an important matter. So Mr. Grigson swallowed his resentment and bade the messenger bring up the gentleman.

The gentleman entered—a cheeky-looking whipper-snapper, four feet nothing in his socks.

Mr. Grigson glared at him angrily.

"What the dickens d'you mean by saying you want to see me on important business?" he thundered. "Aren't you the boy who was here a week or so ago looking for a job?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then what the—" began Mr. Grigson, now purple in the face. But the youth interrupted him.

"You said then, sir," he remarked calmly, "that you wanted an older boy. That's why I've come back again now!"

### HIS NAME WAS GEORGE

The next-door neighbor scornfully surveyed the bride of two weeks chopping her firewood in the back garden.

"I should have thought it was your husband's place to do that chopping," she remarked, and forthwith proceeded to give the young wife a lecture on the way to "keep husbands down."

"But, Mrs. Morgan," stammered the newly-wed, proudly defending absent one, "Georgie has more important things on his mind than chopping firewood."

"And haven't you?" snapped the Women's Rights advocate.

"Why, no," rejoined the bride, blushing a little. "All I have on my mind is Georgie!"

